



Come all you young fel-lows that car-ry a gun Be-ware of late shoot-ing when



day-light is done For its lit-tle you reck-on what haz-ards you run I shot my own



love at the set-ting of the sun In a show-er of rain as my dar-ling did



run All un-der the bush-es a show-er to shun Her ap-ron 'bout her neck I



took her for a swan I shot the on-ly maid I loved at the set-ting of the sun.